

VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

[TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

BY ORSON S. MURRAY.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

BRANDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1842.

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VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

Saturday, July 9, 1842.

The story below affords an admirable illustration of the power of kindness to subdue the hardest heart. Barbarity and brutality are not the thing to overcome their like with. Kindness alone, with trust in God, will do it.

THE SILVER TANKARD.

The following interesting story, illustrating the potency of kindness in subduing the most obdurate, we find in the last number of the Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, published by William Crosby & Co. Boston.

On a slope of land opening itself to the South, in a now thickly settled town in the State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farm-house to which epithet "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields; beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched & blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them. The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his own home, but prospectively as the home of his children, and his children's children. He was willing to be far from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front and one behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains. It was full of the comforts of life, the furniture even a little "showy" for a Puritan; and when the table was set, there was to be a Yankee phrase, "considerable" silver plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to this pleasant valley as it was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday: and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting, on foot, down to the "Landing," a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door, with his horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife and had been somewhat detained. He was standing at the door-step, enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread before him. At that instant a neighbor, of six miles' distance, rode upon horseback and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon," said he, "I have come out of my way in going to meeting, to tell you that Tom Smith—that daring thief—with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you'd better look out, lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after the silver tankard, neighbor, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for these new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal the better. I don't think it safe for you all to be off to meeting to-day; but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good-bye."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter, Mehitable, a beautiful little girl, about nine years old. Shall I stay or go? was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in his temple; and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father, and little Hitty was the light and the joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unflinching. He soon settled the point. "I won't even take Hitty with me; for I will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come—neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house, they will not hurt that child. At any rate she is in God's hands; and we will go to worship Him, who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him." As he settled this, the little girl and her mother stepped to the chaise; the father saying to the child, "If any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare our abundance to the poor. What is silver and gold, when we think of God's holy word?" With these words on his lips he drove off, a troubled man, in spite of his religious trust; because he had left his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's

day. She knew that she ought to return to the house; but nature, for this once at least, got the better of her training. "No harm," thought she, "to see the brood of chickens." Nor did she, when she had given them some water, go into the house; but loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and following with her eye the bobolink, as he flitted from shrub to shrub. She passed almost an hour out of the house, because she did not want to be alone; and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a little wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible, and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was there seated, she saw three men coming up towards the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary long day before her. "Father," thought she, "meant something, when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting. Never mind; they shall see I can do something for them, if I am little Hitty; so putting down the Bible, she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come. She called to them to come; and without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can;—and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father; whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the weary traveler.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now it was neither breakfast time nor dinner time, but about half way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction, "spare of our abundance;" and almost before they were fairly in the house, she asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, "Yes, I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry." This was indeed a civil speech for the thief, who, half starved, had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard, as soon as the men folks had gone to meeting. "Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?" asked Hitty. "We can't wait," was the reply, "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I am glad you do not want me to cook for you,—but I would do it if you did,—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays." Then away she tripped about, making her preparation for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver spoons and the silver tankard full of "old orchard," with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silver spoons were put on,—perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith, and with a courtesy told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance and manners of her guests. She did the work as cheerily and freely, and was as unembarrassed, as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees, and his face down almost to his hands, looking all the time on the floor. Another, a younger and better looking man, stood confounded and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken into his trade; and often would he go to the window and look out, keeping his back to the child. Smith, on the other hand, looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never once took his attention off the child, following her with his eyes as she bustled about in arranging the dinner table; there was even a half smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence; drinking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly, and said, "Come! let's go." "What?" exclaimed the older robber, "go with empty hands when this silver is here?" He seized the tankard. "Put that down," shouted Smith; "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from the house." Poor Hitty at once awoke to a sense of the character of her guests; with terror in her face and yet with a child-like frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand and looked into his face as if she felt sure he would take care of her.

The old thief, looking to his young companion, and finding he was really to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog which has had a bone taken from him. "Root! catch me in your company again," and with such expressions left the house, followed by the other. Smith put his hand on the head of the child and said, "Don't be afraid—stay quiet in the house—nobody shall hurt you." Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus God preserved the property of those who put their trust in him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up that evening from the family altar!

A year or two after this, poor Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, was tried, and sentenced to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in jail in the seaport town, to await for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up like a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to him for the protection of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated, his face was pale, his hair tangled and matted together,—for why should he care for his looks; there was no other expression in his countenance, than that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his brother man; he did not rise, nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endeavor, he asked, "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone even here?" "I come," said Gordon, "to see you, because my daughter told me all you did for her when you were here."

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his features; he was altogether another man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. "Are you the father of that little girl? Oh what a dear little child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once, I think I should feel happier." In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling, little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispered to him of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothed in some degree his passage through the dark valley, and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested; whose hand had been against all men, because their hands had been against him.

I have told the story more at length, and interwoven some unimportant circumstances—but it is before you substantially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true; though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been colored by the imagination. The silver tankard as an heirloom has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Mehitable, and is now in the possession of the lady of a clergyman in Massachusetts.

What a crowd of thoughts do these incidents cause to rush upon the mind! How sure is the overcoming of evil with good. How truly did Jesus Christ know what is in the heart of man. How true to the best feelings of human nature are even the outcasts of society. How much of our virtue do we owe to our position among men. How inconsistent with Christian love is it to put to death our brother, whose crimes arise mainly from the vices and wrong structure of society. How incessant should be our exertions to disseminate the truth, that the world may be reformed, and the law of love be substituted for the law of force. The reader will not however need our help to make the right use of the guarding of the "silver tankard," by the kindness and innocence of a child.

WARM BREAD UNWHOLESOME. Dr. Bell's excellent work on Regimen and Longevity, states that bread yet warm or even recently from the oven, is unwholesome, especially to all those in civic life whose exercise in the open air is limited; it is most prejudicial to the dyspeptic, and to those who, without acknowledging themselves to be on this list, suffer frequently from sick headache, or occasionally from pain or spasm in the stomach. The morbid effects of hot bread are greatly increased by butter melted on it. Of the same injurious nature is hot buttered toast, that is, toasted bread on which, while it is yet hot, the butter is spread and into which it penetrates. The time at which warm bread is taken, makes, as in the case of every substance of difficult digestion, a considerable difference, and hence a meal of this kind in the morning, will often only cause a feeling of uneasiness and some oppression at the stomach; but in the evening will, in those any way predisposed, be apt to bring on violent spasms, or be followed by disturbed sleep, and distressing dreams, with headache and disordered bowels on the following morning. There are instances of sudden death caused by a full meal of warm bread. As a general rule, bread should not be eaten until the day after that in which it comes out of the oven.

PROSPERITY OF LIBERIA. Last week some testimony touching the condition of the Colonization Society's paradise for colored men was given from a former agent of the society. This week another witness may speak; the editor of the Liberia Herald, the paper of the colony. The following is the leading editorial of that paper, dated Nov. 20th, 1841. It may be as well to add here, that the Herald—though a very small paper, issued only twice a month—can not find support in the colony, but depends on assistance from this country, for power to drag on its languishing life, and even with what it gets here, seems likely to perish of starvation. The editor complains that it has been a losing concern ever since he has had anything to do with it.—Voice of Freedom.

"At this time, as it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty, it may be proper to conjecture what course the Society at home will adopt to revive the drooping interest of the colony. That the colony is in a feeble state, no one, not even its warmest and most enthusiastic friends, will deny. But that its condition is worse than might years ago have been predicted, had the bearing and relation of events and circumstances been foreseen and taken into account, admits of a question. The present depressed state of the colony is the legitimate result of natural and moral deficiencies and evils inherent in the system; whose combined negative (if we may so speak) and positive effect has engendered our misery. In the early stage of our colony, the liberal benefactions of the Society to all classes in need of help, or who chose to appeal to her charity—the free donation of private benevolists, the profuse allowance to emigrants, and the occasional arrival of one who would jingle a dollar in his pocket, served to keep up a kind of excitement, and stars absolute poverty out of countenance. Trade, at that time, though not larger in amount with the natives, was engrossed entirely with the colonists. No foreigner thought of bartering with the natives. Merchandise, to large amounts, was readily credited to the settlers, for barter with the aborigines, and to be paid for at an accommodating time. Profits then were high; and the trade being almost exclusively in the hands of the settlers they were enabled to keep prices steady and firm. But the times are changed. The little fondling, supposed to have attained the state of adolescence, no longer enjoys the smiles of its foster parent, and the lullaby of liberal donations to all who may ask, or really need, is no longer thrust into his mouth, to stop its piteous wailing. The subject of the colony having now become trite, and no longer able to excite, many of its early and ardent friends have turned to new sources of phrensy. Others, equal in inconsistency, and differing only in their mode of procedure, disappointed in their expectation that the colony would at once attain the stature and strength of manhood, have turned away in despair. Men of pecuniary and moral worth have ceased to come out. The competition of foreigners in the native trade, has annihilated us almost to a unit. They press closely upon us, on every side, and wherever a tooth of ivory, a kente of canwood, or a knob of oil is to be found, there you will find the foreigner ready to barter for it in exchange for merchandise, at a shade less in price than he would sell them to us. To this there are some honorable exceptions. A few capitalists, regarding our condition, refuse to sell to the natives at prices less than we have established. Others, again, boast of their superiority in this respect and openly avow their intention to break us down, by running the trade. The extent of this evil can only be realized by those who know that the price once reduced, can never be raised. The natives understand less in the price of their purchases, but more, by no course of reasoning, no alleged combination of circumstances, can you bring them to comprehend. What, then, is to be done; is the question frequently asked. Keep out foreigners, says one, and hold the trade in our own hands. But are we able to keep them out; will not a seizure and confiscation of property involve us in a dispute? And are we able to contend with any but ourselves? We have been a whole year fighting a few refractory spirits in our midst. We have conquered them, it is true; but it is to be apprehended that, Phoenix-like, they will spring from their own ashes, and force us again into the field. There are no people on earth with whom we can contend, with even a mimic hope of success, but these dastardly days around us, who not unfrequently run from the report of their own fire. Then betake yourselves to the soil, says the ignorant speculator. There is the source, sure, unfailing source of competence and independence, and this he commands, with all the assurance and complacency of an oracle. We are not, however, so ignorant of political economy, as not to know this fact. The difficulty does not consist in ignorance, but in weakness and poverty. Let the people, one and all, immediately turn themselves to farming. What can they raise? coffee? This is at least a triennial crop; and to say nothing of the necessity of a capital to carry it on successfully, which of our farmers are able to sustain himself the third of three years, while the crop is maturing? Can they raise sugar? Inquire at the colonial store what the Society's sugar, manufactured from the last crop of cane, cost a pound. Shall they resort to cotton? A

larger capital, and still more attention, are required to make a business of this. But they can raise potatoes, cassados, pumpkins, &c. This will at least be going back to the state of nature; for as each would raise his own roots, and all cultivate the same, there would be no room for exchange, and commerce must die at its root. But can man live on these dry, farinaceous roots alone? Must he not be clothed, and housed, and nurtured when sick? Where are these extracts to come from? Not from foreigners; because we have nothing to give them in exchange. Those who know nothing of the matter, may indulge in speculation. They may hurl the imputations of laziness, and want of enterprise; and they may direct us, for example, to the forester of newly settled tracts in America. They may tell us how the axe resounds under the rusty hand, and the trees fall, and the wilderness melts away before the face of the American pioneer, and how soon the heavy wagon is seen groaning under the load of ripened sheaves and full-eared grain, rolling to the market. All this is well enough, as examples; and all this we will do, if the same facilities are afforded to us.

In America, wherever in the depth of the forest a few hardy and enterprising spirits pitch their tents, there is almost instantly to be seen a little mercantile establishment, furnished with everything necessary to comfort, and auxiliary to manual occupation. In proportion to the avails of the coming harvest, each laborer is furnished in advance with the conveniences of life. Clothing, tools, and even provisions, should he need them, are given on credit, to be paid for when he gathers in his harvest, and his attention is not distracted, nor his time misspent upon a variety of objects; and thus he is enabled to be eating his fruits while he is yet sowing the seed. Were it not for these facilities, they could not farm any more than we; and afford them to us, and we will farm as well as they.

In America, capital follows in the wake of population. It seeks employment. Here, there is none to follow—none to be employed. There government in its various improvements gives employment to thousands of laborers and mechanics, who in their turn encourage the agriculturist and husbandman. Here the government employs (we may almost say) none; there, all can find lucrative employment. Here, the days of labor—such as in its remuneration supplies motive to energy, and encouragement to hope—are few and far between. There, men are paid for their labor, in what has an intrinsic value, and will command its equivalent anywhere. Here, they are paid in cloth and tobacco, which will command—potatoes and cassados. If this is not a distinction with a difference, then we despair of ever finding one.

What, then, do we want? Encouragement for men who are willing to earn an honest subsistence by their labor, and facilities to till the earth; and it behooves us to be looking for some source that can supply these desiderata. Some are so short-sighted as to suppose the operations of missionary bodies can supply them. While we admit freely that they have done good, and are calculated to do more good, we as freely and openly declare they can do evil. With a few exceptions, missionary employment has rather injured the colony. The building of the saw-mill was of advantage, because it gave employment to a number of operatives; and were it not for evils which it might hereafter be made to pour out, it should be encouraged. But can any one suppose that the employment of the core of half-made missionaries, squatting about in the bush, is of real utility to the colony? To say nothing of the spirit of servility and dependence, and indisposition to labor, which young men (and they are all nearly such) must contract, what do they produce? In the course of a year, they may, by constant and iterated inculcation, teach a little naked native to say his bla or memems, or convince him that a circular line on paper enclosing a few unintelligible marks, represents the globe. All these teachers are consumers; what do they produce? We are far from condemning effort to enlighten the minds of our people, or the natives; we rejoice in the march of intellect, and the spread of knowledge. But the best thing can be abused and the best system advanced at an improper rate. Having said this much, we must be permitted to say further, that there is no place on earth where the population bears so small a proportion to the number of teachers, nor is it to be found anywhere in a community so poor as this, in which there are so great a number of grown up scholars. But the cause most probably is laid open, in what we have already alleged—namely, the want of profitable employment; and making the best of a bad subject, this may be regarded an extenuation of evil for allowing so many to feed upon the missionary crib.

We end where we commenced. We know not what course of policy the Society will pursue. Something must be done, either by them or by us, or we must set our house in order, and prepare for national death. Everything that a solitary individual could do, was done by the lamented Buchanan. While he lived, we hoped. In vain may the Society search for his equal; he is not to be found. He saw, with an intuitive eye, the course to be adopted, and so keen as well as quick was his judgment, he had rarely occasion

to change his course; and therefore in the principles of the policy he adopted, when he first assumed the government, he remained to the day of death fixed and determined.

CHILDREN LOST IN THE WOODS. The newspapers of Halifax, Nova Scotia, tell us a sad tale to which one can hardly listen without a tear. Two children went astray in the woods on Monday, the 11th of April, about four miles from Halifax. Some hundreds of people, comprising some military and Indians, went in search for several successive days. On Friday, a snow storm occurred, and added painfully to the difficulties and depression on the subject. On Sunday the remains of the children were found about seven miles from the home of their parents.

The eldest of the sufferers was a little girl, between seven and eight years old—the other a little girl, about two years younger. They were found locked in each other's arms—the youngest with its face on the cheek of the elder girl. The elder, it is said, had taken off her apron, and rolled it about the more helpless and delicate babe.

She had the looks of care and sorrow in death, as if, which is not uncommon in such cases, premature responsibility was felt, and that to secure and shield the little innocent by her side, was felt a duty. The younger seemed as if it met death in sleep. Their tender feet were injured by travelling, in vain endeavors to reach home.

What pangs must have introduced despair to the children's minds, mid their loneliness and hunger, day after day, and night after night, in the wilderness; and yet there was a melancholy sublimity connected with their death—the ripening of the spirit under keen distress, and the mutual sympathy and love which is too often wanted at the death-bed of the unfortunate adult. The parents of the children have been subjects of deep commiseration. Distressing as the calamity is, almost beyond precedent, it is a consolation to the afflicted parents, that their fate has been ascertained, and their bodies found—and the sorrowing mother expressed a melancholy satisfaction that she had them once more with her before they were laid in the grave.

These sisters were placed in one coffin, constructed in such a shape as to admit of their laying together in the position in which they were found—their faces touching, the left arm of the eldest reaching over little Mary, as if to protect her from the pitiless storm. A suitable monument is to be erected over their grave, to mark the spot in after years, where the little innocents are laid.—Bost. Jour.

If there is any one act a little meaner than all others put together, it is that of a subscriber to a newspaper, who moves out of the country or changes his residence, leaving his subscription unpaid and giving the publisher no notice where he may be found. We have some such on our list, who we fear we shall feel obliged to make public; and among them are some, who have ranked as good temperance men, some professors of religion, and we blush to say it, some Ministers of the Gospel!!—Maine Temperance Gazette.

From the Oberlin Evangelist. CAN IT BE? It was stated not long since on a public occasion, in the city of New York, by one of the most influential ministers in America, that "a majority of professing Christians did almost nothing for the conversion of sinners, and less if possible, for the sanctification of the church; and that they never pretend to take a stand upon any question of reform until they were driven to it by an indignant public sentiment."

Can this be true? We believe no intelligent and candid mind will question it. And yet a more humiliating statement could scarcely be made. With what horror and grief should it affect the sincere followers of Christ! Can they bear to have it so? It is to be feared that such startling declarations are heard with too much indifference. Christians seem to have become familiarized with the degenerate, back-slidden state of the visible church, and resigned to its continuance. Charges of prevailing declension and corruption are made and heard without producing the appropriate emotions and efforts. Even the shocking disclosure made in the above quotation (by one who is not in the habit of making inconsiderate assertions) has not succeeded in startling from their slumbers the sentinels of the press and pulpit, who should, one would think, have resounded it at once throughout the entire church, and called aloud for immediate repentance that the foul reproach might be removed.

O has it come to this, that Christians must be driven to duty by an INDIGNANT PUBLIC SENTIMENT; or rather, is this the case with the mass of those who profess to be Christians? Is the world the light of the church? Is the world the reformatory body, and the church the body to be reformed? Then indeed is it time for the minister of God to fulfil his ancient commission—Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.

It is a question of vast practical moment, what shall be done with corruption in the church? There are plainly two ex-

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